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Manitou

THE A·M·DUGH·CO· CIN·O·

Hotels and guests should be addressed at **MANITOU SPRINGS,** Colorado.

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S. K. HOOPER,

GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT

DENVER, COLO

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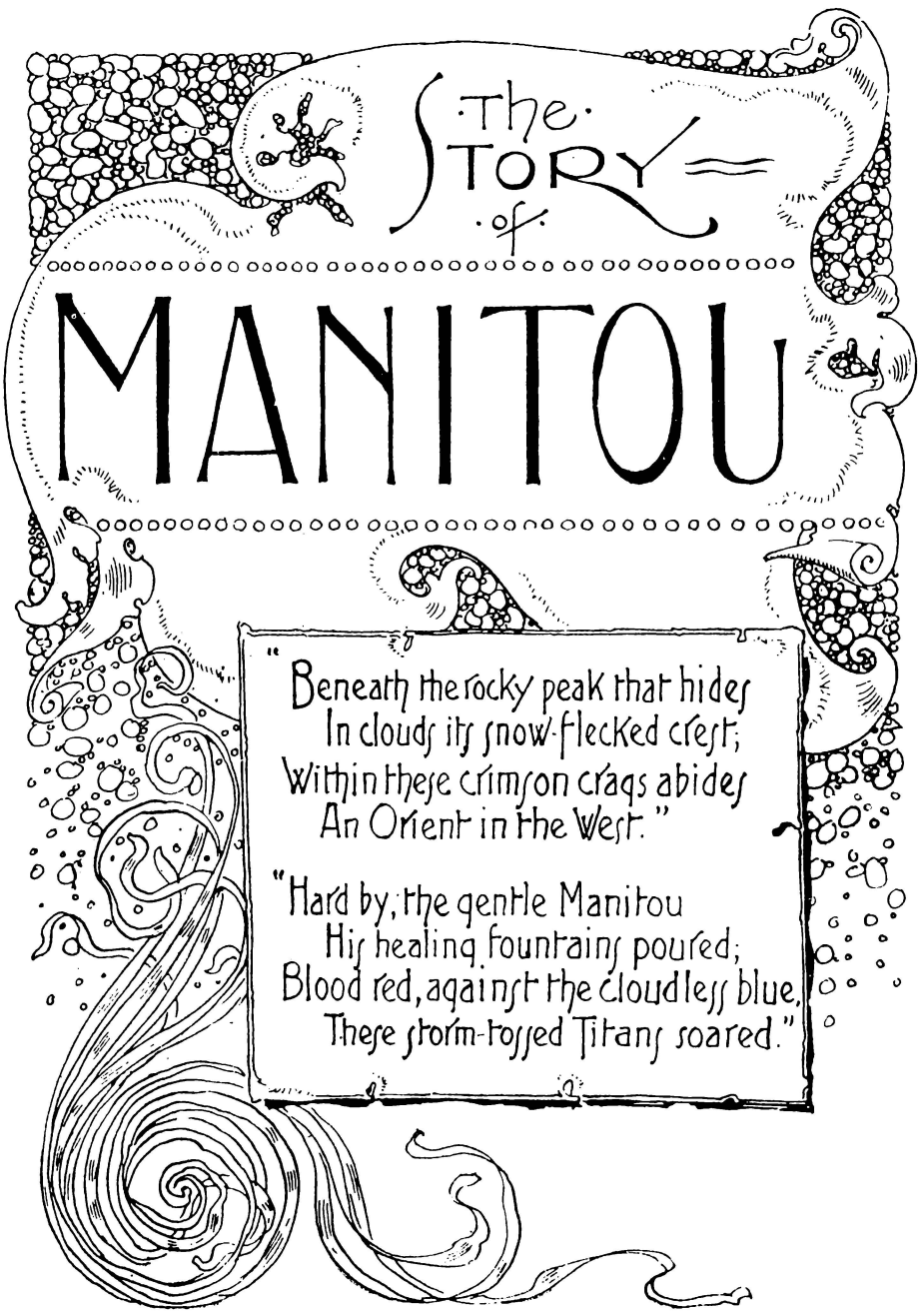

The Story of
MANITOU
"Beneath the rocky peak that hides
In clouds its snow-flecked crest;
Within these crimson crags abides
An Orient in the West."
"Hard by, the gentle Manitou
His healing fountains poured;
Blood red, against the cloudless blue,
These storm-tossed Titans soared."

MANITOU SPRINGS, COLORADO.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

THE glorious summer day was drawing towards its close; the sun, which had shone with a splendor, unknown to Eastern skies, was descending in the West, amidst an oriental pomp of color; the mountains, clothed in purple and crowned with gold, stood before us, the winds came cool and fresh from the lofty regions of eternal snow and sang melodiously among the pines and aspens; to our right a stream, whose waters were almost as transparent as the air, danced along its tortuous channel; festoons of clematis drooped in graceful plentitude from the willows, whose bending branches made bowers of sylvan beauty upon the brook-side, while flowers of brilliant hue, crimson and gold and purple, flamed and flashed like rare and curious jems in the glistening rays of the descending sun. It was a scene such as Aladdin might have conjured up with his magic lamp, and I was vaguely wondering if it might not be a beautiful but fleeting mirage of the imagination, when the door of the car was opened by a brakeman who entered hastily and shouted lustily: "*MANITOU!*"

This, then, is Manitou! The Chammouni of America, and yonder towers Pike's Peak, the Mount Blanc of the Western continent.

As I stepped from the car I heard familiar and characteristic clamor. It was the Slogan of the hotel runners, and while I was halting between half a dozen opinions as to which hotel should be chosen, I took a look at the surroundings. The depot of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, over whose picturesque route I had arrived, first attracted my attention. Instead of a dingy shed, or, at best, a square box of a building, as is the wonted aspect of depots, I saw a handsome structure, resembling an English cottage in form, built of stone, delicately tinted with pink, and having stained glass windows and a fine *porte-cochere*. Looking towards the mountains I saw the village picturesquely displayed in a narrow valley which thrusts itself up into the range of mountains through a jumble of vari-colored foot-hills. The large hotels were the most prominent

among the architectural features of the town and from their great extent, handsome appearance, wide and ornamental verandas and beautiful grounds I came to the conclusion that comfort and luxury could be found within their hospitable walls. This conclusion was amply verified by subsequent experience. The beautiful mountain stream, up whose banks our way had led, occupied the foreground of the picture, and, taking its course through the heart of Manitou, gave an exquisite touch of sylvan lovliness to the scene. The white crest of Pike's Peak was clearly defined high over all against the western sky, and to the right and left deployed the legions of his Titan army of supporting peaks. As I gazed upon this panorama I acknowledged the truth of Professor Hayden's assertion that the scenery of Manitou is grand beyond that in the vicinity of any other medicinal springs.

Gratification and lively anticipations of pleasure were prominent among my "First Impressions."

CHAPTER I.

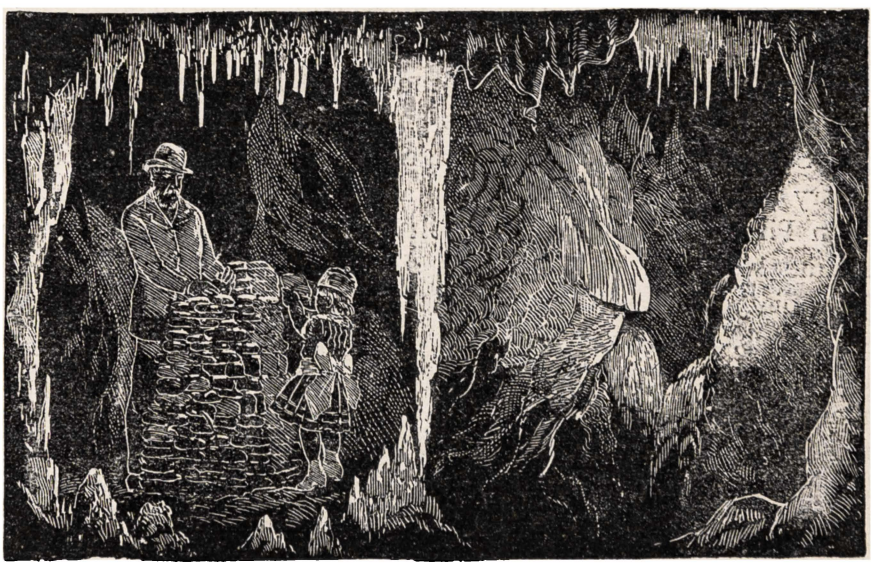
Discovery of Pike's Peak.

MANITOU, although without the burden or blessing, as you will, of long years, has a history as thrilling as that of Saratoga, the Field of the Grounded Arms. Back of her history lies tradition, but disregarding the latter as too vague for this compendium of facts, a glance at such history as has been recorded by Pike, and Ruxton, and Ludlow may not be uninteresting. Pike gazed awe-stricken upon "The Great Snow Mountain" which now stands a most stupendous monument bearing his name and perpetuating his memory. In his report to the United States Government, Pike gives a very interesting account of his discovery of the Peak. As long ago as the winter 1806-7 Major Zebulon Pike, with a handful of soldiers, camped under the shadow of Cheyenne Mountain and scaled its sides. A few quotations from the Major's diary may not be uninteresting. Describing his approach up the Arkansas, he says: "November 15: at 2 o'clock in the afternoon I thought I could distinguish a mountain to the right which appeared like a small blue cloud; viewed it with a spy-glass and was still more confirmed in my conjecture, but in half an hour they appeared in full view before us. When our small party arrived on the hill, they with one accord gave three cheers to the "Mexican Mountains." Marched 24 miles. November 16; Sunday: marched 11½ miles. November 17; Monday: marched at our usual hour, pushed with an idea of arriving at the mountains, but found at night no visible difference in their appearance from yesterday—distance 24 miles.

The difficulty in estimaing distances in the clear atmosphere of Colorado is noted most gravely by Major Pike, who travels sixty miles towards the mountains and then finds "no visible difference in their appearance." This peculiarity has been made the basis for many amusing stories, all of which have done good service in books of travel and newspaper letters. It reinains a fact, however, that to one unaccustomed to the atmospheric effects of the mountain plateau, the estimation of distances is a matter of great difficulty.

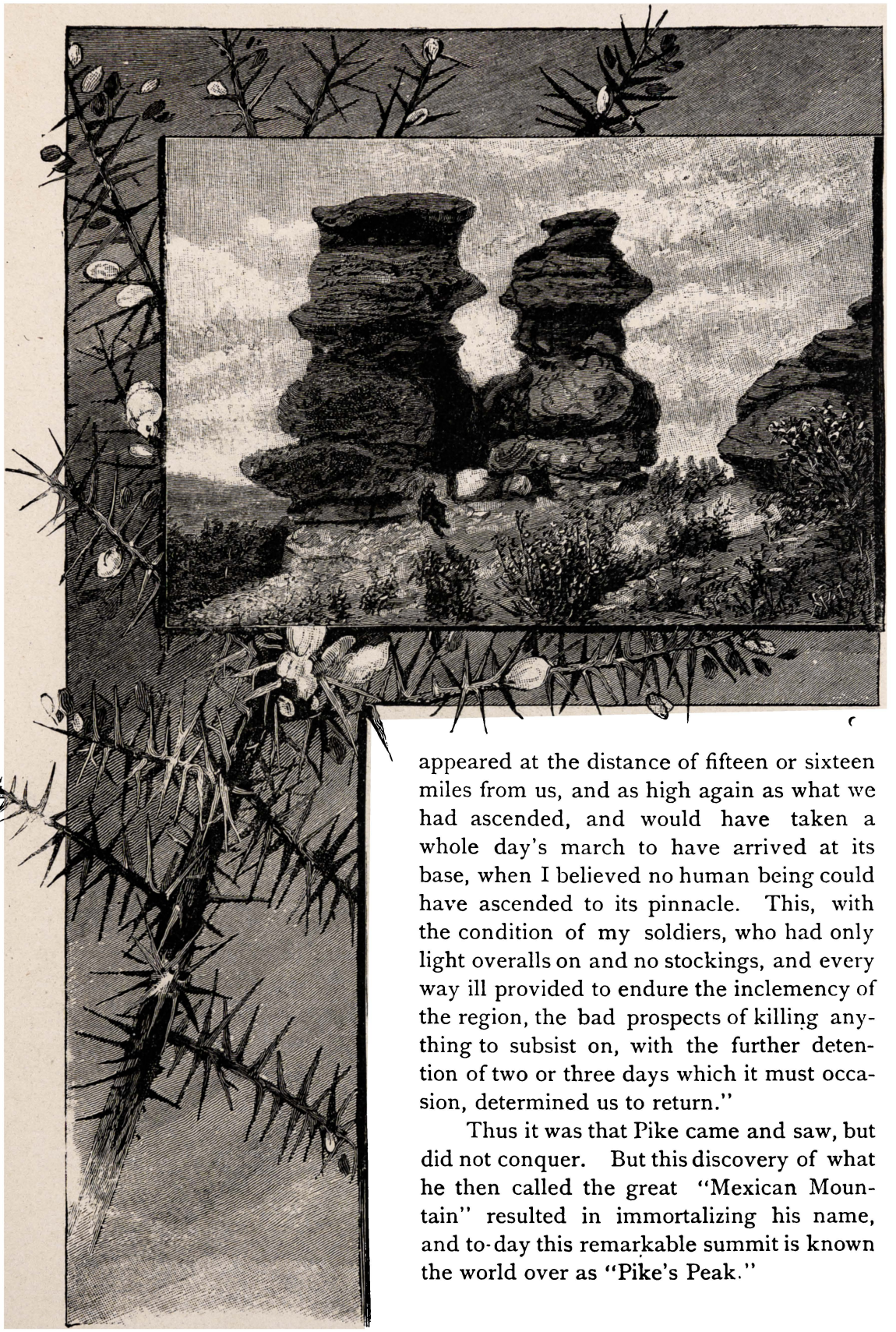
From the 18th to the 21st Pike remained in camp, curing buffalo meat, and on the 21st and 22d marched 38 miles. In his entry of the 23d he says: "At one o'clock came to the third fork on the south side. Camped at night in the point of the grand forks. Concluded to leave the party here and ascend the north fork to the high point of the blue mountain," (Pike's Peak,) "which we conceived would be one day's march, in order to be enabled from its pinnacle to lay down the various branches and positions of the country."

On November 25th (Wednesday) Pike and his party of three appear to have camped at the foot of a mountain, now known as Cheyenne, and on the next day they tried to ascend it. He says: "Expecting to return to our camp that evening, we left our blankets and provisions at



SCENES IN MANITOU GRAND CAVERNS.

the foot of the mountain; killed a deer of a new species," (the black-tailed mountain deer,) and hung his skin on a tree. We commenced ascending; found it very difficult, being obliged to climb up by rocks sometimes almost perpendicular; and after marching almost all day, we encamped in a cave, without blankets, victuals or water. We had a fine clear sky, whilst it was snowing at the bottom. Some distance up we found buffaloes, higher still the new species of deer and pheasants. * * * * On arriving at the summit of the chain we found the snow middle deep. No sign of beast or bird inhabiting this region. The summit of the Grand Peak, which was entirely bare of vegetation and covered with snow, now



appeared at the distance of fifteen or sixteen miles from us, and as high again as what we had ascended, and would have taken a whole day's march to have arrived at its base, when I believed no human being could have ascended to its pinnacle. This, with the condition of my soldiers, who had only light overalls on and no stockings, and every way ill provided to endure the inclemency of the region, the bad prospects of killing anything to subsist on, with the further detention of two or three days which it must occasion, determined us to return."

Thus it was that Pike came and saw, but did not conquer. But this discovery of what he then called the great "Mexican Mountain" resulted in immortalizing his name, and to-day this remarkable summit is known the world over as "Pike's Peak."

"SIAMESE TWINS," GARDEN OF THE GODS.

CHAPTER II.

Early History of Manitou.

IT was in 1847 that George F. Ruxton, an intrepid and adventurous Englishman, a member of the Royal Geographical Society, made a memorable tour from the City of Mexico to Pike's Peak, and fortunately for us, gave as a result to the world a most excellent volume in description of what he saw and suffered. It will be sufficient for the purpose in hand to let him tell the story of his experiences in Manitou, premising however, that his approach was from Pueblo and his somewhat accelerated departure in the same direction. Ruxton says: "Towards the latter end of March I removed my animals from their pasture, which was getting dry and rotten, and took them up Fontaine-qui-bouille into the mountains, where the grass is of better quality and more abundant. On the Arkansas and the neighboring prairies not a vestige of spring vegetation presented itself, but nearer the mountains the grass was beginning to shoot. * * * The farther I advanced up the creek, and the nearer the mountains, the more forward was the vegetation, although even here in its earliest stages. The bunch-grass was getting green at the roots, and the absinthe and grease-wood were throwing out their buds. As yet, however, the cottonwoods and the larger trees in the bottom showed no signs of leaf, and the currant and cherry bushes still looked dry and sapless. The thickets, however, were filled with birds, and resounded with their songs, and the plains were alive with prairie-dogs, busy in repairing their houses, and barking lustily as I rode through their towns. Turkeys, too, were calling in the timber, and the boom of the prairie-fowl at rise and set of sun was heard on every side. The snow had entirely disappeared from the plains, but Pike's Peak and the mountains were still clad in white; the latter being sometimes clear of snow and looking dark and sombre, would for an hour or two be hidden by a curtain of clouds, which rising displayed the mountains, before black and furrowed, now white and smooth with their snowy mantle. * * *

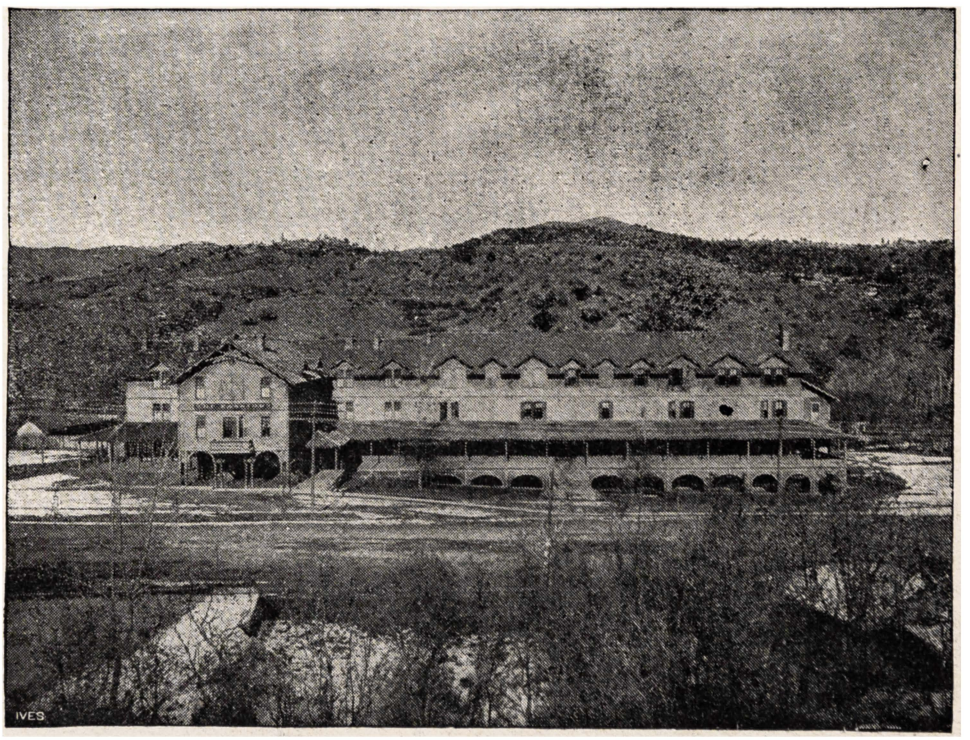
The next day I moved up the main fork, on which I had been directed by the hunters to proceed, in order to visit the far-famed springs from which the creek takes its name. The valley of the upper waters is very picturesque. Many mountain streams course through it, a narrow line of timber skirting their banks. On the western side the rugged mountains frown overhead, and rugged canons filled with pine and cedar gape into the plain. At the head of the valley the ground is much broken up into gullies and ravines where it enters the mountain-spurs, with topes of pine and cedar scattered here and there, and masses of rock tossed about in wild confusion. On entering the broken ground the creek turns more to

AGATE HILL—Residence Maj. John Hurlbut.

the westward, and passes by two remarkable *buttes*" (the gateway to the Garden of the Gods) "of a red conglomerate, which appear in the distance like tablets cut in the mountain side. The eastern fork [now known as Monument Creek] skirts the base of the range, coming from the ridge called 'The Divide,' which separates the waters of the Platte and Arkansas; south is a limestone ledge which forms the western wall of the lateral valley running at right angles from that of the Fontaine-qui-bouille. The

uplands are clothed with cedar and dwarf oak, the bottoms of the river with cottonwood, quaking-asp, oak, ash and box-alder and a thick undergrowth of cherry and currant bushes."

"I followed a very good lodge-pole trail, which struck the creek before entering the open ground, being that used by the Ute sand Arapahoes on their way to the Bayou Salado [South Park]. Here the valley narrowed considerably, and, turning an angle with the creek, I was at once shut in by the mountains and elevated ridges, which rose on each side the stream. This was now a rapid torrent, tumbling over rocks and stones, and

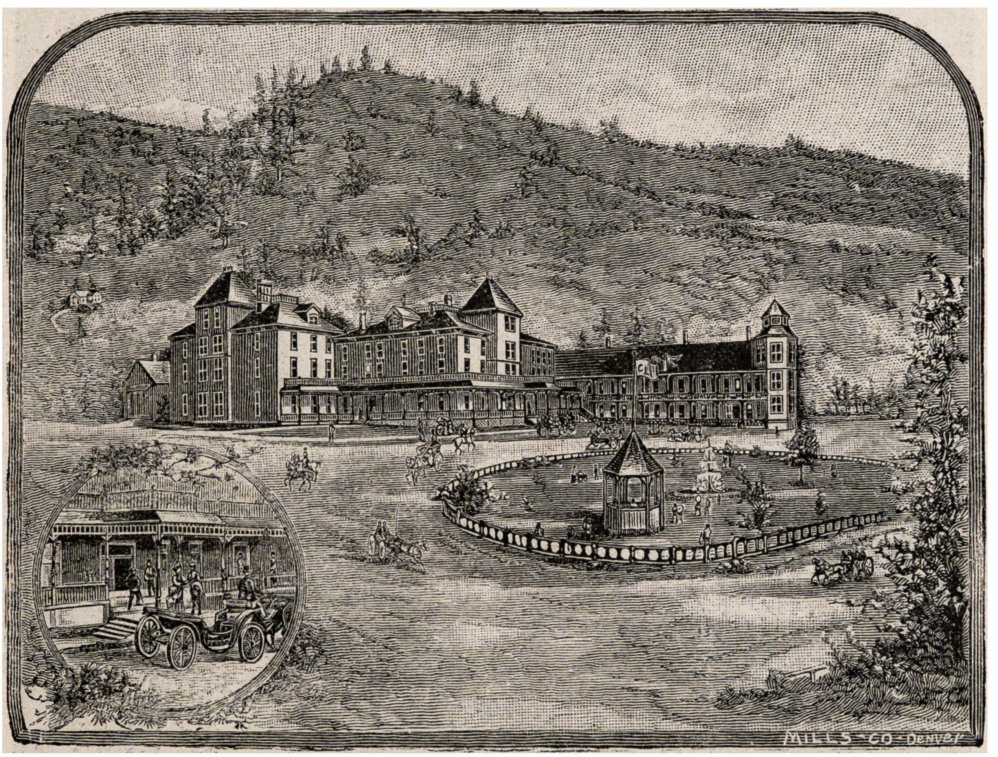


THE MANSIONS.

fringed with oak and a shrubbery of brush. A few miles on, the canon opened out into a little shelving glade [the present site of Manitou], and on the right bank of the stream, and raised several feet above it, was a flat white rock in which was a round hole, where one of the celebrated springs [the Shoshone] hissed and bubbled with its escaping gas. I had been cautioned against drinking this, being directed to follow the stream a few yards to another, which is the true soda spring [the Navajo].

"The animals, as soon as I left them free, smelt the white rock, and

instantly commenced licking and scraping with their teeth with the greatest eagerness. At last the horse approached the spring, and burying his nose deep in the clear water, drank greedily. The mules appeared at first to fear the bubbling of the gas, and smelt and retreated two or three times before they mustered courage to take a draught; but when they had once tasted the water I thought they would have burst themselves. For hours they paid no attention to the grass, continuing to lick the rock, and constantly returning to the spring to drink. For myself, I had not only abstained from drinking that day, but with the aid of a handful of salt,



THE CLIFF HOUSE, MANITOU.

which I had brought with me for the purpose, had so highly seasoned my breakfast of venison, that I was in a most satisfactory state of thirst. I therefore at once proceeded to the other spring, and found it about forty yards from the first, but immediately above the river, issuing from a little basin in the flat white rock, and trickling over the edge into the stream. The escape of gas in this was much stronger than in the other, and was similar to water boiling smartly."

"I had provided myself with a tin cup holding about a pint; but be-

PIKE'S PEAK.

fore dipping it in, I divested myself of my pouch and belt, and sat down in order to enjoy the draught at my leisure. I was half dead with thirst, and tucking up the sleeves of my hunting shirt, I dipped the cup into the midst of the bubbles, and raised it hissing and sparkling to my lips. Such a draught! Three times, without drawing a breath, it was replenished and emptied, almost blowing up the roof of my mouth with its effervescence. It was equal to the very best soda water, but possesses that fresh, natural flavor which manufactured water cannot impart.

"Never was there such a paradise for hunters as this lone and solitary spot. The shelving prairie, at the bottom of which the springs are situated, is entirely surrounded by rugged mountains, and, containing perhaps two or three acres of excellent grass, affords a safe pasture to their animals, which would hardly care to wander from such feeding and the salitrose rocks they love so well to lick. Immediately overhead, Pike's Peak, at an elevation of 12,000 feet [actually 14,147 feet in elevation] above the level of the sea, towers high into the clouds; whilst from the fountain, like a granitic amphitheatre, ridge after ridge, clothed with pine and cedar, rises and meets the stupendous mass of mountains well called Rocky, which stretch far away north and south ward, their gigantic peaks being visible above the strata of clouds which hide their rugged bases.

"The first day the sun shone out bright and warm, and not a breath of wind ruffled the evergreen foliage of the cedar groves. Gay plumaged birds were twittering in the shrubs, and ravens and magpies were chattering overhead, attracted by the meat I had hung upon a tree; the mules having quickly filled themselves, were lying around the spring, basking lazily in the sun; and myself, seated on a pack, and pipe in mouth, with rifle ready at my side, indolently enjoyed the rays which, reverberated from the white rock upon which I was lying, were deliciously warm and soothing. A piece of rock detached from the mountain side, and tumbling noisily down, caused me to look up in the direction whence it came. Half a dozen big-horns, or Rocky mountain sheep, perched on the pinnacle of a rock, were gazing wonderingly upon the prairie, where the mules were rolling, enveloped in clouds of dust. The enormous horns of the mountain sheep appear so disproportionately heavy, that I every moment expected to see them lose their balance and topple over the giddy height. My motions frightened them, and jumping from rock to rock, they quickly disappeared up the steepest part of the mountain. At the same moment a herd of black-tail deer crossed the corner of the glade

within rifle shot of me, but, fearing the vicinity of Indians, I refrained from firing before I had reconnoitred the vicinity for signs of their recent presence.

THE BARKER HOTEL, MANITOU.

"However, that night I was undisturbed, and slept soundly until the chattering of a magpie overhead awoke me, just as Pike's Peak was being tinged with the first gray streak of dawn.

"Daybreak, in this wild spot, was beautiful in the extreme. While the deep gorge in which I lay was still buried in perfect gloom, the mountain-tops loomed grey and indistinct from out the morning mist. A faint glow of light broke over the ridge which shut out the valley from the east, and, spreading over the sky, first displayed the snow-covered peak, a wreath of vapory mist encircling it, which gradually rose and disappeared. Suddenly the dull white of its summit glowed with light like burnished silver; and at the same moment the whole eastern sky blazed, as it were,

in gold, and ridge and peak, catching the refulgence, glittered with the beams of the rising sun, which at length, peeping over the crest, flooded at once the valley with its dazzling light. * *

"I spent here a very pleasant time and my animals began soon to improve upon the mountain grass. Game was very abundant; indeed, I had far more meat than I possibly required; but the surplus I hung up to jerk, as now the sun was getting powerful enough for that process.

MANITOU HOUSE.

"I explored all the valleys and canons of the mountains, and even meditated an expedition to the summit of Pike's Peak, where mortal foot has never yet trod. No dread of Indians crossed my mind, probably because I had remained so long unmolested; and I was so perfectly contented that I had even selected a camping-ground where I intended to remain two or three months, and probably should be at the present moment, if I had not got into a 'scrape.'

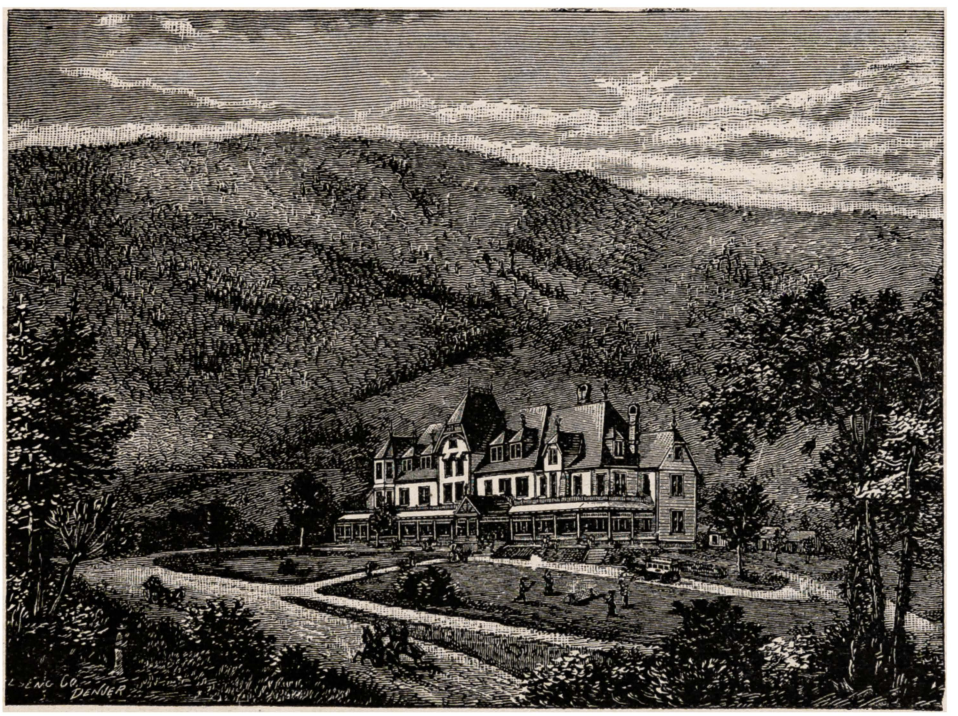
"One day as I was following a herd of deer over the broken ground to the eastward of the mountain, I came suddenly upon an Indian camp, with the fire still smouldering, and dried meat hanging on the trees. Robinson Crusoe could not have been more thoroughly disgusted at the sight of the 'footprint in the sand' than I was at this inopportune discovery. I had anticipated a month or two's undisturbed hunting in this remote spot, and now it was out of the question to imagine that the

Indians would leave me unmolested. I presently saw two Indians carrying a deer between them, emerge from the timber bordering the creek, whom I knew at once, from their dress, to be Arapahoes. As, however, my camp was several miles distant, I still hoped that they had not yet discovered its locality, and continued my hunt that day, returning late in the evening to my solitary encampment,

"The next morning I removed the animals and packs to a prairie a little lower down the stream, which although nearer the Indian camp, was almost hidden from view, being enclosed by pine-ridges and ragged buttes, and entered by a narrow gap filled with a dense growth of brush. * * * A little before sunrise I sallied out to hunt, and descending the mountain to the spring, and being very tired, after taking a refreshing draught of the cold water, I lay down on the rock by the side of the water and fell fast asleep. When I awoke the sun had already set, but although darkness was fast gathering over the mountain, I was surprised to see a bright light flickering against its sides. A glance assured me that the mountain was on fire, and starting up, I saw at once the danger of my position. The bottom had been fired about a mile below the springs, and but a short distance from where I had secured my animals. A dense cloud of smoke was hanging over the gorge, and presently, a light air springing up from the east, a mass of flame shot up into the sky and rolled fiercely up the stream, the belt of dry brush on its banks catching fire and burning like tinder. The mountain was already invaded by the devouring element, and two wings of flame spread out from the main stream, which, roaring along the bottom with the speed of a race horse, licked the mountain side, extending its long line as it advanced. The dry pines and cedars hissed and cracked, as the flame, reaching them, ran up their trunks, and spread amongst the limbs, whilst the long waving grass underneath was a sea of fire. From the rapidity with which the fire advanced, I feared that it would already have reached my animals, and hurried at once to the spot as fast as I could. The prairie itself was as yet untouched, but the surrounding ridges were clothed in fire, and the mules with stretched ropes were trembling with fear. Throwing the saddle on my horse, and the pack on the steadiest mule, I quickly mounted, leaving on the ground a pile of meat, which I had no time to carry with me. The fire had already gained the prairie, and its long dry grass was soon a sheet of flame, but, worse than all, the gap through which I had to retreat was burning. Setting spurs into Panchito,s sides, I dashed him at the burning bush, and though his mane and tail were singed in the attempt,

he gallantly charged through it. Looking back, I saw the mules huddled together on the other side, and evidently, fearing to pass the blazing barrier. As, however, to stop would have been fatal, I dashed on, but before I had proceeded twenty yards, my old hunting mule, singed and smoking, was at my side, and the others close behind her.

"On all sides I was surrounded by fire. The whole scenery was illuminated, the peaks and distant ridges being as plainly visible as at noonday. The bottom was a roaring mass of flame, but on the other side, the prairie being more bare of cedar bushes, the fire was less fierce and pre-



IRON SPRINGS HOTEL.

sented the only way of escape. To reach it, however, the creek had to be crossed, and the bushes on the bank were burning fiercely, which rendered it no easy matter; moreover, the edges were coated above the water with thick ice, which rendered it still more difficult. I succeeded in pushing Panchito into the stream, but, in attempting to climb the opposite bank, a blaze of fire was puffed into his face, which caused him to rear on end, and his hind feet flying away from him at the same moment on the ice, he fell backwards into the middle of the stream, and rolled over me in the deepest water. Panchito rose on his legs and stood trembling with affright

in the middle of the stream, whilst I dived and groped for my rifle, which had slipped from my hands, and of course sunk to the bottom. After a search of some minutes I found it, and, again mounting, made another attempt to cross a little farther down, in which I succeeded, and, followed by the mules, dashed through the fire and got safely past the line of blazing brush.

"Once in safety, I turned in my saddle and had leisure to survey the magnificent spectacle. The fire had extended at least three miles on each side of the stream, and the mountain was one sheet of flame. A comparatively thin line marked the progress of the devouring element, which, as there was no wind to direct its course, burned on all sides, actually roaring as it went.

"I had from the first no doubt that the fire was caused by Indians, who had probably discovered my animals, but, thinking that a large party of hunters might be out, had taken advantage of a favorable wind to set fire to the bottom, hoping to secure the horses and mules in the confusion, without the risk of attacking the camp. * * Singularly enough, just as I had got through the blazing line, a breeze sprang up from the westward and drove the fire after me, and I had again to beat a hasty retreat before it. I encamped six or seven miles from the springs, and whilst proceeding down the creek, deer and antelope continually crossed and re-crossed the trail, some in their fright running back into the very jaws of the fire.

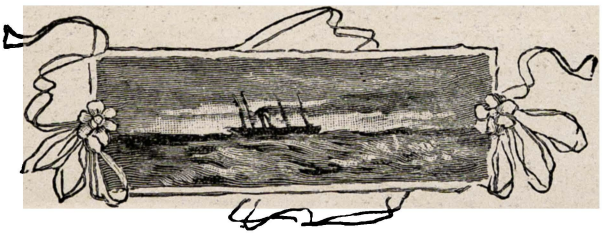
"The mountains themselves being invisible, the air, from the low ground where I then was, appeared a mass of fire, and huge crescents of flame danced, as it were, in the very sky, until a mass of timber blazing at once exhibited the sombre background of the stupendous mountains.

"I had scarcely slept an hour when huge clouds of smoke rolling down the bottom frightened the animals, whose loud whinneying awakened me, and, half suffocated by the dense smoke which hung heavily in the atmosphere, I again retreated before the fire, which was rapidly advancing; and this time I did not stop until I had placed thirty or forty miles between me and the enemy."

The effects of this stupendous fire so graphically described by Ruxton, remain to this day. Vast stretches of desolated, treeless mountain side testify to the fervent heat which not only destroyed the forests, root and branch, but also charred the seeds in the soil and sterilized for half a century mountain-fields once made glad and beautiful with verdure. This denudation of the hills, however, is not so apparent on the slope facing Manitou as it is around the immediate base of the peak. Forests of fir and

cedar crown the lesser heights and the west wind stillmakes music among the branches of the pine.

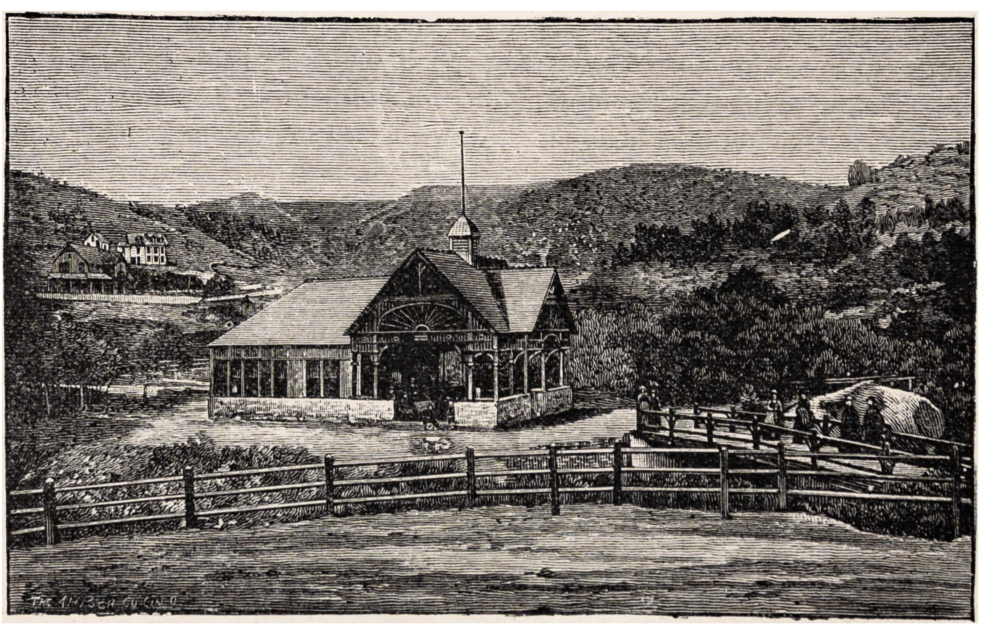
About fifteen years after Ruxton's visit to the site of Manitou, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, a clever young American author and traveler, entered upon an overland tour from the Missouri river to the Pacific Coast. In the course of his journeying he made a short detour from Denver and visited the springs which even then, twenty years ago, were famed for their delicous waters and medicinal qualities. Ludlow's observations were recorded by him in a volume entitled "The Heart of the Continent." No more fitting conclusion could be found for this chapter than the following quotation, containing, as it does, a prophecy every particular of which, strange to say, has come to pass. Ludlow says: "When Colorado becomes a populous State, the springs of the Fountain-qui-Bouille will constitute its Spa. In air and scenery no more glorious Summer residence could be imagined. The Coloradian of the future, astonishing the echoes of the Rocky foot-hills by a railroad from Denver to the springs, and running down on Saturday to stop over Sunday with his family, will have little cause to envy us Easterners our Saratoga as he paces up and down the piazza of the Spa Hotel, mingling his full-flavored Havana with that lovely air, quite unbreathed before, which is floating down upon him from the snow peaks of the range."



CHAPTER III.

Manitou of To-Day.

LET us imagine that we have discovered Mr. Fitz Hugh Ludlow just awakened, like Rip Van Winkle, after a sleep of twenty years since we left him at the close of the last chapter, and have induced him to accompany us by train to Manitou. The day is a typical Colorado one, and a few fleecy clouds hover over the hills and throw the higher peaks far up into mid air.



THE "MANITOU SPRING."

These effects we notice as we glide rapidly along the open portion of the line between Colorado Springs and "Old Town," as the first capital of the territory is now commonly called. For the next two miles we pass through a succession of shady groves forming charming vistas, and closely follow

the Fontaine-qui-Bouille, until suddenly, turning the point of a hill, we discover the village of Manitou in front of us, backed by the glorious peak. The line at this turning point is raised twenty feet above the valley and immediately below it on the other side of the stream to the right, half hidden by groves of lofty trees and tangled shrubbery we catch a glimpse of Briarhurst reposing amongst smooth lawns and flowers. The house is built of the native pink and white stone, and is long and low, broken with many gables, porches and verandas, and covering much ground. In Briarhurst is reverently cherished and highly prized that most beautiful work of American landscape art, Thomas Moran's great picture of the Mountain of the Holy Cross. Leaving Briarhurst on the right we reach the Railway station in a quarter of a mile. This building is also of the beautiful pink and white Manitou stone of a bold and original design by a well known Eastern firm of architects, with a large *porte cochere* in front as its characteristic feature. The depot is much and justly admired, and deserves to be ranked amongst the most successful of the many designs for model country Railway stations which have created so much interest during the last few years. A little west of the station, on the opposite side of the Fontaine-qui-Bouille, the large building facing us, surrounded by pleasure grounds and lying some distance back from the main avenue, with its broad piazza open to the south, is the Manitou House, one of the principal hotels. In the grounds immediately westward is Grace Greenwood's Cottage. The Mansions is the largest hotel in Manitou and is one of the most elegantly appointed in the State. During the season it is thronged with guests, who highly appreciate its manifold conveniences, comforts and luxuries. For many years these two houses have been under the management of Mr. A. W. Bailey, who has acquired a reputation in the west as a hotel man excelled by none. Mr. A. W. Bailey has the management of The Mansions while Mrs. A. W. Bailey has charge of the Manitou House. The two houses lie in a beautiful park and are surrounded with fine lawns and shrubbery, with the waters of the Fountain running by to lull the tired traveler to sleep. The houses are lighted with electricity, well heated and ventilated and splendidly furnished, and every attention is given to the comfort of guests. Connected with The Mansions is a large ballroom, known as "Saratoga Hall," where the guests of the two houses can dance, and for many summers a splendid Italian band has furnished music for the two houses only. The hotels are centrally located and from the front have a fine view of the mountains. While The Mansions

BATH HOUSE.

is a good place for those who like the stir and excitement of a watering place hotel, the Manitou house will furnish a quiet home for those who wish it. In connection with both houses are billiard halls and bowling alleys and croquet and tennis grounds. Around them both are long porches and fine walks made pleasant by rustic seats and fountains.

The Barker, owned and operated by Mr. C. W. Barker, is a three-story building, almost square, and stands on an elevation just opposite the Shoshone soda springs and the bath house, fronting on the park, and is centrally located. The visitor is met at the depot on arrival by the hotel's own hack and is conveyed to the office door free of charge. Arriving in front of the hotel he goes immediately into the parolrs or office without having ascended or descended a single step. It is needles to say that the Barker is very popular with that quiet, wealthy class of people who come to the mountains for the real enjoyment and benefit to be derived. During the "season" the house has a band and once a week gives a dancing party in honor of its guests, and on certain afternoons and evenings there are balcony concerts. Directly opposite is the Bath House, a handsome building of the Queen Ann type, surrounded by a large natural park, and having an extensive swimming bath, also some two dozen private bath rooms, supplied with hot or cold soda-water from the Navajo Spring. The reception rooms for bathers are provided with every comfort. Above these is a charming suite of apartments, containing a visitors' club house, where not only the current periodicals will be found, but also a quiet corner for writing may be obtained. The Cliff house was most happily named, resting as it does at the mouth of Williams' canon against a cliff and with one of the finest views of the mountains in Manitou. This house since it was closed for the season has been greatly enlarged and entirely renovated. As it stands to day with its high towers and long porches, it is most striking in appearance and by means of its improvements will increase largely in the esteem of its patrons. Mr. E. E. Nichols, its proprietor, has conducted the house since 1876, and knows thoroughly the wants of the traveling public. The hotel is splendidly fitted with all modern improvements and furnished throughout in a style in keeping with its outward appearcnce. Besides electric light, baths and such necessities, it has a fine billiard table, private dining room, music room and barber-shop. Engleman's Canon is southwest of Manitou, and is within the limits of a quiet stroll. So great have been the improvements in this canon within

the last two years that it is deserving of special mention. In fact, this is almost a second Manitou among the hills. In the centre of all these beauties stands the Iron Springs Hotel—a gem of architectural beauty, lighted by electricity, heated by steam, provided with electric calls. and affording its guests the delights and luxuries of baths, tennis, billiards etc.. entirely free of extra cost. Cool and secluded from the sun; fanned by the balsamic winds bearing the perfumes of the pines; surrounded by cottages belonging to this establishment, and affording all the pleasures of social life or all the quiet of a home, at the wish of the individual—the Iron Springs Hotel under the present management has become one of the most popular among the hostelries of this watering place, famed for its unrivaled accommodations in this direction.

The Ruxton House, owned by T. A. Hood, is a handsome four-story building, with a frontage of a hundred feet. It possess all the modern improvements. The house is situated on the beautiful Ruxton creek, and from its piazzas can be obtained lovely views of the mountains including Pike's Peak. The hotels of Manitou can entertain over three thousand visitors at the same time and they are frequently tested to their full capacity.

In addition to the large hotels enumerated, there are nine smaller ones, where accommodations can be secured at rates to suit every purse. Boarding houses abound and all tastes can here find satisfaction in the matter of a domicile.

Through the center of Manitou winds a fine well-graded avenue eighty feet wide which is being converted into a noble thoroughfare. On either side of the avenue, perched on eminences commanding the finest views of hill, mountain and plain, and giving a character and picturesqueness to the place, peculiarly its own, are numerous villas and cottages, many of which show much architectural merit in their design. Then there is the Park, the Lovers' Lane, the sylvan path to the Iron Ute, tempting one to stroll through and enjoy, with the soft murmur of the bubbling brook giving ceaseless music to the ear. The springs are a never-ending source of pleasure. Their waters are delicious, sparkling with the vivacity of champagne, and palatable to the taste, their well established medicinal qualities adding greatly to their value. In the center of the village is the largest group of these evervescent natural fountains, enclosed within pleasure grounds. The first spring, forming a circular basin under a rustic pavilion is the Shoshone; a few yards further is the Navajo, the largest of the group. Beyond it a few feet are two chalybeate springs

On the opposite side of the stream, which is here crossed by a foot-bridge is the Manitou Spring, covered by a beautiful spring house. The celebrated Iron Ute Spring is situated in Ruxton's Glen and is covered with a handsome pavilion. Stone steps lead down to the water and much has been done by the Iron Springs Company to beautify and improve the spot.

The town of Manitou has 1200 inhabitants and is growing rapidly. It has two distinct plants of the Electric light, each plant using both the arc and incandescent system, three miles of street being lighted by the arc. The town hall is a handsome cut stone building three stories in height and erected at a cost of $10,000. The right of way has been

THE SUNNY SIDE HOUSE.

granted for a street railroad. The schools are graded and graduates from the High School are prepared to enter college. The pupils are accommodated in two handsome buildings, provided with all the latest educational appliances. Such a demand has arisen in the East for the Manitou Soda Springs waters that the bottling works, established only a short time ago, have been compelled to provide largely increased facilities. The Iron Springs water is also bottled and shipped East. Streams of bright, sparkling water fresh from mountain sources flow down each side of all the streets and give life and vigor to the shade trees whose roots they moisten.

The visitor in Manitou need never be troubled with *ennui*. He can ride or walk to hundreds of interesting places; he can always discover something new and interesting; he can enjoy the pleasures of society, the company of books, or calm and delightful communion with nature. Three large lviery stables, well supplied with horses for riding and driving, and with carriages of every variety, supply all wants in that direction. There are excursion wagons, which may be engaged for a party, or in which one can secure a seat at low rates. For the children, there is a "burro brigade," and the little folks may be seen every day, wild with glee, taking a ride on the backs of these patient but grotesque animals. Pike's Peak

THE DEPOT.

can be ascended, the Grand Caverns explored, Rainbow Falls visited, and hours spent in contemplating the attractions of neighboring canons. The evening dance, the morning ride, the afternoon stroll, the exhilaration of tennis, the enjoyments of picnicing are all at the command of the visitor. Hunting among the hills, fishing in the mountain brooks which have been filled with hundreds of thousands of trout by the State Fish Commission, geologizing, botanizing, sketching, wandering among ths weird monoliths of the Garden of the Gods, or penetrating the labyrinths of Cheyenne or Queen's Canon; surely among all this grandeur and beauty, with all these varied means for the improvement of health and the employment of every faculty, time must pass quickly, pleasantly and jouously at Manitou.

CHAPTER IV.

Rambles Around Manitou.

THE rambles around Manitou are remarkably varied and interesting. Taking the Soda Springs as a starting point, a path leads directly out of the pleasure ground immediately in front of the Cliff House, and a road, extending due north past the hotel, enters Manitou, or William's Canon, a most remarkable and interesting gorge. One of the characteristic features of the Rocky Mountain foot-hills is the sudden and unexpected way in which a valley will transform itself into a precipitous gorge; Manitou Canon, Queen's Canon, the two Cheyenne Canons and the Grand Canon of the Arkansas are all examples to the fact. Within a quarter of a mile one is entirely hemmed in by precipitous rocks which rapidly rise higher and higher as one advances, until the climax is reached about one mile from the mouth, where a magnificent cliff amphitheatre bursts into view. The walls of this canon consist of various distinct strata of sand and limestone, the sandstone differing greatly in color, white, pink, grey and vermillion. These strata rest upon the granite, showing the contact between the two very distinctly a few hundred yards above the amphitheatre. Capping the sandstone are several hundred feet of lime-rock, in which a succession of very curious caverns or chambers have been discovered. The most remarkable of these caverns are known as the Cave of the Winds and the Grand Caverns. The former is entered high up in the rock wall on the west side just below the amphitheatre, where a winding path and many flights of steps are easy to be seen. The latter can be reached by a short carriage ride up Ute Pass. Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, in his recent volume entitled "Country Cousins," gives an extended description of these caves. Among other things, he says: "I can best picture the tortuous complexity of underground shafts and tunnels, cracks an crannies, by asking you to imagine the atmosphere a solid, and yourself some pigmy following the criscrossed interior of the thickly branching twigs of a tree. In both caves there

exist very large rooms. One of these is 250 feet long and of varying width. Another would be large were it not encumbered with fallen masses and with dripstone pillars which are vertically ribbed. A third room, the biggest of all measures 450 feet in length and is wide at each end, but narrows hourglass fashion in the middle. The ceiling of this chamber is so high that no candle flame or even magnesium light has ever been strong enough to bring it into view, and the echoes are remarkable. * * * It is to the ornamentation that I wish particularly to call attention. This exactly resembles that at Luray, except that it is upon a smaller scale. * * * In one respect these caves far surpass in beauty their Eastern prototype.

CATHEDRAL SPIRES.

The floors of several rooms are laid several inches deep with incrustations of lime work which is embroidered in raised ridges of exquisite carving. Again, where the water has been caught in depressions, these basins have been lined with a continuous, crowding plush of minute lime crystals, like small tufted cushions of yellow and white moss. In this form of minute and frost-like ornamentation to which the most skilled work of the silversmith would bear no comparison, and where the flowers of the hot-house or the brilliantly tentacled dwellers in some sunny tide-cove would find their delicate beauty surpassed, these Colorado caverns excel anything I know of anywhere."

THE UTE PASS.

The carriage drive ends a short distance above the pathway to the cave, but a well beaten trail continues up the gorge for several miles, and is a delightful walk, especially in the afternoon, for the views returning are particularly fine, and the effect is greatly enhanced by the setting sun tipping the crag-tops with warm light. There is a very pretty way of returning to Manitou, after visiting the cave, by climbing up from the mouth of the canon to the top of the cliff and following a path easy to keep, back to Manitou, along one of the ridges.

RAINBOW FALLS.

For a drive of a few hours. there is no finer one than the Ute Pass. The foliage, the flowers, the sweet smelling shrubs, the beautiful birds and butterflies, attracted by the spray of the ever dashing waters, sparkling in the bright sunlight, these for a foreground, while behind them crag after crag and pine-clad summit produce an ever-varying scene of beauty and grandeur which the Fontaine-qui-Builie cuts its way through. The gorge through the front line of the foot-hills—the ramparts of the Rockies—is

very rightly called the "Ute Pass." It is the national highway through which the Ute nation from time immemorial sent its hordes down from their mountain fastnesses to hunt buffalo on the plains, or to wage intermittent war with their natural enemies, the Arapahoes, Comanches and Cheyennes. When the writer first visited Manitou the Indian trail was the only passage-way through the thick vegetation which filled the valley. This trail passed close by the Soda Spring and then continued over the hills

BRIARHURST.

south of the canon, entering the pass proper almost three miles above the falls. The canon now traversed was then inaceessible. Even a trapper on foot could with difficulty work his way through it. It was not until 1872 that El Paso county, at a cost of $20,000, cut the present road through the defile itself, a distance of two and a half miles, thus opening to travel the best natural highway into the upland plateau of South Park and the mining region beyond. The present Ute Pass road is an excellent one, and is noted for its scenic beauty. After crossing the stream over a high bridge a little above the village, it ascends rapidly for half a mile, leaving the stream below it, and thus gains the top of the falls. Here a flight of

THE BURRO BRIGADE.

strong steps leads down to a platform from which a grand view is obtained of Rainbow Falls, which accomplishes a leap of about one hundred feet.

In winter, when a splendid fence-work of ice stalactites encompasses it, this fall is seen to best advantage. At the top of the fall, passing through a natural gateway only wide enough to admit it and the stream, the road winds along the gorge for about four or five miles, then gradually emerges into an open and very picturesque country. What centuries of Indian warfare this defile has witnessed, crossing as it does, the midland between the fierce tribes of the mountains and the blood-thirsty redskins of the plains. The Utes, like the beaver, were very reluctant to leave their haunts, and frequented them long after the first hotel had been erected and the white man had made Manitou his home. About three miles beyond the Rainbow Falls, on the left, a lovely spruce-shaded glen breaks through the southern wall, up which an old road winds; this is a pleasant retreat for luncheon or afternoon tea, and if one is on foot or on horseback one can take the Ute Indian trail to the left, back to Manitou over the southern hills, from which charming views are obtained and the dusty high road avoided.

Another most interesting ramble is that up Ruxton's Glen, which is wild and picturesque, and full of scenic surprises. Three years ago this glen, known as Engleman's Canon, was purchased by a party of Eastern men who have shown excellent taste in the way in which they have treated it. It has been studded with picturesque cottages, two pretty pavilions have been erected over the chief chalybeate springs — the Iron Ute and Little Chief — and a comfortable and well appointed hotel has been built, overlooking both of the springs, less than a mile and a quarter distant from the railway station. The road up the glen leaves Manitou avenue a hundred yards or so above the Navajo Spring, following up Ruxton's Creek due westward. This road continues as a carriage drive for about a mile and then narrows into the Pike's Peak trail, parallel to the road on the opposite or north bank of the stream, the foot-path leading to the Iron Ute. Passing through foliage and shrubbery all the way, it makes a delightful walk before breakfast from any of the hotels.

CHAPTER V.

Pike's Peak to the Summit.

TO ANY one accustomed to mountain climbing no guide is required in making the ascent of Pike's Peak, as the trail is good and well-defined, and there is a government station on the summit, where visitors can obtain food and shelter. Three members of the United States Signal Service corps live on the Peak all the year round, and are in constant telegraphic communication with Colorado Springs and Washington. The telegraph poles for the most part closely follow the trail. At the end of the Ruxton Glen road is a toll-gate, and here the ascent of the Peak begins. For three miles the trail closely follows Ruxton creek, generally at an elevation of two or three hundred feet above it. The sides of the glen are clothed with beautiful pines and spuces. Close to the creek the familiar bunches of red berries characteristic of the mountain ash may here and there be greeted, as old friends in a strange land. Some very pretty falls are passed on the way, two of which are named respectively the Shelter and the Minnehaha. Stupendous granite boulders are in places piled up in chaotic confusion over the stream, frequently hiding it from view. Two prominent ones are plainly visible from Manitou, and are appropriately named Gog and Magog. One of the most charming features during the first three miles of the ascent is the opportunity afforded for exquisite views of the world below, on looking back through the pine trees with the far-stretching plains glowing in the sun and forming a golden horizon.

As the headwaters of Ruxton creek are reached the trail enters a level country, interspersed with groves of quaking aspen, and more or less marshy. The trail to the peak being very prominent, inclines to the right (westward), a second or middle trail leads to Moraine Lake, and a third, the left hand one, is the direct path to the Seven Lakes. The lake is about two miles from this junction, covering some 40 acres. The lake is not visited as much as it used to be, as the trail to the Peak has been shortened fully a

mile, and has thus left the lake to one side. About two miles from the point where the Seven Lakes trail leaves the Pike's Peak trail, timber-line it reached, and the rocky portion of the ascent begins. Starting at eight

ON PIKE'S PEAK TRAIL.

in the morning, a party on horseback ought easily make the ascent and

get back to Manitou before sundown. The journey down can be varied by taking another route back, known as the Bear Creek trail, which brings one out at Colorado City.

Mrs. Catharine Cole gives the following graphic description of the view from the summit of the peak: "It is not very comfortable walking about on the top of the peak. It is bitter cold — the peak one mass of stones—but the view is unrivalled. Manitou looks like a lady's lace handkerchief tossed down below the mountains. And out on the plains, Colorado Springs, with its wide even streets, looked like a chessboard, and the fine Queen Anne hotel and other æsthetic buildings seen through a powerful glass, might not inaptly be termed the 'castles and pawns.' The Spanish Peaks in New Mexico, full two hundred miles away, stood out in great hazy blue shadows against the dazzling sky, and the western horizon was marked by the Snowy Range, one of the most beautiful and picturesque chains of the Rocky Mountains, lying like a tumbled mass of purple clouds, dappled and flecked with snow white. Here and there little towns could be easily distinguished by the steam-like smoke hovering over them, and Denver to the north, nearly a hundred miles, was also visible."

On the descent from the peak the trail to Seven Lakes attracts the attention. These lakes are about four and a half miles to the southward and have an elevation of ten thousand three hundred and fifty feet. There is a hotel here at which accommodations for a large party can be obtained. For those who have the desire to explore these elevated and interesting upland basins, which are largely due to glacial action, or to examine the true Alpine *fauna* and *flora*, a better spot could not well be selected. None of these lakes appear to contain fish, but curious uncanny creatures, resembling somewhat a baby crocodile, seem to delight in these icy waters. There is a very direct trail from Seven Lakes to the top of the peak. Those who are not very strong, but who desire to make the ascent of the peak, can lessen the fatigue by riding to the Seven Lakes the first day, taking one day for a leisurely climb to the summit, and returning the third. Comparing the trip from Manitou to the Seven Lakes, with the ascent of Pike's Peak, it may be well to state that the former, so far as fatigue is concerned, is but an ordinary eight-mile mountain ride, whilst the really fatiguing portion of the latter to those who are not strong, is the ascent of that portion of the peak which is above timber-line. The Seven Lakes can be reached in a carriage from Colorado Springs by following the Cheyenne Mountain road which terminates at this point. An early start and a good pair of horses are necessary, for the distance is twenty-seven miles, and the ascent in that distance nearly 5000 feet.

CHAPTER VI.

Cameron's Cone and its Surroundings.

A FEW hundred yards beyond Briarhurst, at the point where the railway crosses Manitou avenue, is a road turning to the right, leading in a south-westerly direction straight for Cameron's Cone. This is the Crystal Park Road. There is no more satisfactory trip for either a long morning or an afternoon than a visit to this mountain park. It is but three miles distant, but the ascent is too steep to be agreeably made in a carriage, although the road is safe enough. The altitude of the little park is eight thousand four hundred and fifty feet. It is shut in by mountains and precipices, and is entered by a bold natural gateway, which gives exit to the stream that drains it. In the summertime it abounds in wild flowers, prominent amongst which is that exquisite blue and white columbine which has recently been introduced in Europe.

A good climb of three thousand feet up the center of a ridge which starts from the western extremity of the Park, brings the enterprising mountaineer to the summit of Cameron's Cone, eleven thousand five hundred feet in height. The view from the summit is superb, and will fully repay the visitor for the toil of the ascent.

A wonderful enterprise was undertaken several years ago in the construction of a railway to the top of Pike's Peak. This 'air-line' in a new sense was not only surveyed and located, but a good deal of the grading was completed. In its course it passes through Crystal Park, and portions of the graded line are crossed by the tourist *en route*. These railroad grades serve as a most delightful road to ride over, and the views from them are quite beyond description.

Indeed, there is no better way of acquiring at the outset a comprehensive view of Manitou and its surroundings, and of appreciating what a truly remarkable region the visitor is in the midst of, than by taking the first railway grade the Crystal Park road crosses, continuing along it westward to its termination at a point immediately overlooking Ruxton's Glen, then zig-zagging up a little path to the railway grade above it, and following this upper one back to the Crystal Park road. Returning to Manitou, there is a much-used cut-off trail which leaves the road near the lowest

railroad grade crossing, follows the top of a "hog-back" for a short distance and then drops down a little ravine straight into the village, shortening the distance fully a mile.

Having descended from Cameron's Cone, the visitor will find three very picturesque canons at the base of the foothills between Manitou and Colorado City. These are the Southerland, Red Rock and Bear Creek canons. Southerland canon is reached by a road accessible for wheeled vehicles from Manitou avenue. The road up Red Rock canon is rather hard to find, although the canon is the most popular and curious of the three. It passes the Fontaine qui-bouille and the railroad a few yards west of the spot where the Colorado Springs Colony irrigating ditch is taken out, half a mile west of Colorado City. This canon is in reality a long grassy trough, which is bounded on both sides by the up-heaved slabs of red sand-stone, which may be traced for hundreds of miles close to the immediate base of the first range of Rocky Mountain foothil s. The stone is execdingly handsome and is quarried extensively and used for ornamental or architectural work. There is in this vicinity a line of upheaval which is exactly perpendicular, and this has remained standing whilst the surrounding strata have been removed by erosion. The most striking instance of this to be found in Colorado, or perhaps anywhere along the entire eastern face of the Rocky Mountains, is the gateway of the Garden of the Gods. The 'true inwardness' of the matter, however, is better seen by an examination of the Red Rock canon than even of the rocks which form the gate of the Garden. When the upturned strata are buried almost to their crests with debris, they are familiarly known as "hog-backs," and they form several parallel lines of natural fortifications of a very remarkable and interesting character, seeming to protect the valley of Manitou agatnst incursions from the plains. These barriers are broken through by the Fountain, again at the gate of the Garden, again by Camp Creek at the entrance to Glen Eyrie, and so on to the northward. Facing Cheyenne Mountain to the southward these parallel "hog-backs" are wanting.

The last of the three gorges named, Bear Creek Canon, is entered by a county road which has recntly been opened and which gives easy access to this interesting spot. This is a very fertile canon, well watered, shady, and full of wild plums, cherries, hazel-nuts, goose-berries, currants and raspberries; and contains some beautiful falls graced by the name of Josephine.

ON THE FOUNTAIN QUI BOUILLE.

CHAPTER VII.

The Pike's Peak Railroad.

A COMPANY has just been formed for the purpose of constructing a cog wheel railroad from Manitou to the top of Pike's Peak on what is known as the Fell system, which has for years been successfully used for scaling the summit of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, the Riga, in Switzerland, and other mountain elevations elsewhere in Europe. The surveys of this interesting work have just been completed, and the capital necessary for the work has all been obtained. The distance by the cog railway from the starting point at Manitou to the summit of the peak will be about nine miles. he elevation overcome in this distance is just eight thousand feet. The character of the locomotives, rolling stock, and the system of cog-wheel action will be similar to those in use at Mount Washington, with the latest improvements added, and the manufacturers who constructed the Mount Washington plant are now to construct those for this company. The Mount Washington cog road is some three miles and a half long. There is nothing, however, in the construction of the road to Pike's Peak that is more difficult, topographically, than what has been encountered at Mount Washington. It is a characteristic feature of this system that accidents on these very steep grades are rendered practically almost impossible, as the records of such railroads clearly demonstrate. The corporators of the enterprise are John Hulbert, William A. Bell, Wm. S. Jackson, Louis R. Ehrich and Albert E. Pattison. The estimated cost of the railroad, complete, including rolling stock and right of way, is $500,000. It is expected to be completed during the summer of 1889.

Visitors, however, who are unable to ride on horseback need not wait for the completion of the railway to visit the summit of Pike's Peak, for a fine wagon road with easy gradients was finished to the summit late last fall. This road is reached by going up the Ute Pass some four miles to the stage station, 1,500 feet above Manitou, thence leaving the Ute Pass road, the Pike's Peak road is followed up a distance of fifteen miles to the summit. Regular four-horse mountain wagons, especially adapted for this trip, start from the station at fixed times for the summit of Pike's Peak.

A description of Manitou would not be complete without directing attention to a number of new roads which have recently been constructed up amongst the hills on all sides, not only to open up fresh building sites of great scenic beauty, but also, and in one instance solely, for the purpose of giving enjoyment to visitors by disclosing to them the most superb views that can well be conceived,

On both sides of Ruxton creek new roads have been cut in the hill-sides far above the valley, which should be traversed by every visitor to Manitou. More interesting still is a fine road which has just been completed by Major John Hulburt, a prominent resident of Manitou, which leads to a high plateau overlooking the Ute Pass on the north side of the valley. By means of this road a considerable elevation can be reached by very easy grades.

The most extensive improvement, however, in this direction has been the construction of what is known as the Ridge Road, which work cost several thousand dollars, contributed voluntarily for the purpose of adding to the enjoyment of visitors to Manitou. This road is reached by crossing the Fontaine qui-bouille on a bridge some twenty yards east of the entrance to Briarhurst, on Manitou avenue. It winds gradually up to the crest of the lofty hills which shelter Manitou on the north. It follows the crest of these hills for some two miles and a half, completely encircling Manitou on the north, and then drops down by rather a steep descent into Manitou Canon opposite the Cave of the Winds. From the Ridge Road views of the entire country in every direction are obtained—the boundless plains to the east; the pine clad Divide to the north east; the huge rock formations of the Garden of the Gods; the thriving towns of Colorado Springs and Colorado City, looking like chess-boards, in the far distance Pike's Peak; the numerous deep gorges, which are not visible from below. Towards the western extremity of the road the pink and red battlements of Manitou Canon are seen from above to the greatest advantage. By means of the Ridge Road a circle of nearly four miles is made, which can be enjoyed on foot, on horseback, or in a vehicle which is furnished with a brake; the descent, however, into Manitou Canon is of necessity so steep that a brake should be used to render the descent entirely safe and agreeable for ladies.

CHAPTER VIII.

On and Around Cheyenne Moutain.

DISAPPOINTMENT is often expressed at the first acquaintance with Pike's Peak. Like Niagara Falls, it requires earnest study to recognize its full majesty. This is not the case with Cheyenne. It is impossible to contemplate the grandeur of its bold outline and great massiveness and to become in the least familiar with its ever-varying play of light and shadow without acknowledging the striking beauty of this noble mountain. From the charming and well-sheltered balconies of the Antlers Hotel at Colorado Springs a superb view of its front is seen. Looking at the mountain it will be observed that at almost the nearest point, in reality four miles distant, the base of the mountain is deeply cleft by two yawning chasms, the outer rocks of which present sharp, jagged points. These clefts are respectively the North and South Cheyenne Canons. They certainly should be visited by every traveler who has an eye to the beautiful. On the eastern side of Cheyenne Mountain, and accessible from South Cheyenne Canon, is the grave of the well known author and poet "H. H." The direct road from Manitou takes the tourist a distance of eight miles, turns off to the southward from the road to Colorado Springs, on the top of the hill half a mile from the town; they can also be reached by making a detour of one and a half miles through Colorado Springs and following the continuation of Nevada avenue to the southward. Either road is pleasant, and the drive or ride is one replete with interest and abounding in attractive scenery.

Each canon has its advocates, and so hotly has the matter been contested in the presence of the writer, that he has not the audacity to express his opinion on the momentous question as to which is the finer canon of the two. If the many falls of the North Canon could be brought together so as to be all seen at once, they would certainly surpass in grandeur the seven lovely falls of the Old South Canon, and inasmuch as in the North Canon the walls are for the most part perpendicular and the cleft extremely narrow, there is no room for the fine trees and foliage which tempers the ruggedness of the southern gorge.

A walk through the canons naturally awakens a desire to see them from above. This desire can be gratified by following the Cheyenne Moun-

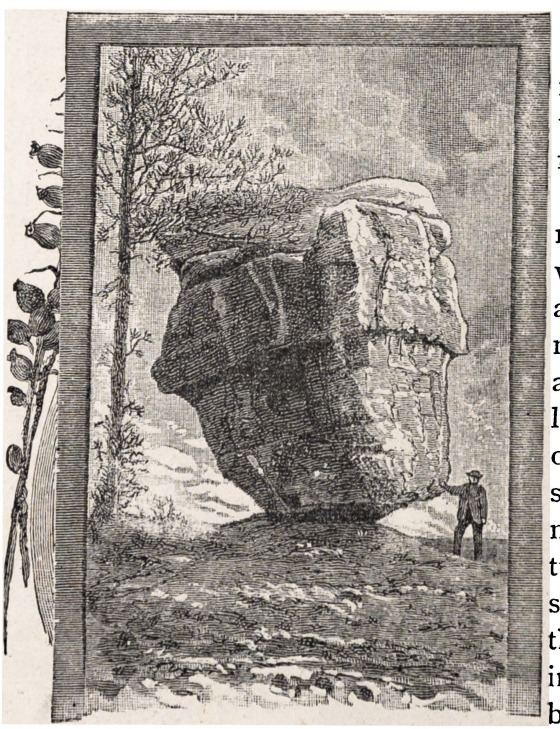
tain toll-road, which commences its ascent a little south of the entrance to South Cheyenne Canon. This road is well laid out; the ascent is gradual, the granitic character of the road-bed insures its safety and goodness with but little repair, and the views obtained from it, for several miles, are ever to be remembered. It is this road which leads to the Seven Lakes, as well as to some silver prospects which are being pushed forward with some show of success.

SEVEN FALLS, SOUTH CHEYENNE CANON.

CHAPTER IX.

The Garden of the Gods and its Environs.

LEAVING Manitou behind him and advancing towards Colorado City, if the visitor will turn sharply to the left, directed by a guide board, he will find himself on the Buena Vista drive, a plainly marked road to he Garden of the Gods. The entrance to the Garden, approaching from Manitou, is through what may not inaptly be called a postern gate, as compared to the entrance from the east through the Grand Gateway, made so familiar both to eye and mind by photographs and descriptions. Entering from the west, one has upon his right hand a wall of wind-worn rock crowned with hardy evergreens, while to his left stands the remarkable Balanced Rock, resting its hundreds of tons of weight upon a scanty base of a few feet.



BALANCED ROCK.

From this point a good view may be had of the Garden which lies in a valley beyond and to the east of the chain of mountains guarding the western approaches. A pleasant road leads down through the Garden of the Gods. In the midst of this solitude Nature has perpetrated many strange freaks of sculpture and of architecture, as if she were diverting herself after the strain of that mighty mood in which the mountains were brought forth. Solitude remains here unbroken by the residence of men, but mimetic forms of stone supply quaint and grotesque sugges-

GATE-WAY TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

tions of life. Here we have hints of Athens and the Parthenon, Palmyra and the Pyramids, Karnac and her crumbling columns. There is not much that is garden-like to justify the title, but it does not require a very vivid imagination to conceive that some of those curious rock-masses may be petrified gods of the Norse mythology. Many of these monoliths are nearly tabular and reach the height of three and four hundred feet, with the proportions of a flat grave-stone. Two of the loftier ones with a small opening between make two portals to the famed Gate-way. After their form the most striking feature is their color, which glows with an intensity of red unknown in any of the sandstones of the East. Standing outlined against a spotless sky of blue, with the white light of the sun falling upon them, these portals flash with the bright splendor of carnelian. The "Gods" rise abruptly out of perfectly level ground. Twenty years ago Fitzhugh Ludlow described some of these rock formations, many of which can be recognized to this day. Among other things he says: "One of the red rocks resembles a statue of Liberty standing by her escutcheon, with the usual Phrygian cap on her head. Still another is surmounted by two figures which it requires very little poetry at the proper distance from them to imagine a dolphin and an eagle aspecting each other across a field gules. The spine cracking curve of the dolphin and his nice, impossibly fluted mouth would have delighted any of the old bronze workers. * * Another rock resembles a pilgrim (poetical not plains variety) pressing forward with a staff in his hand. Another is supposed to look exactly like a griffin. Indeed, from a right point of view one feels that a griffin must very probably look thus, though the difficulty of comparing it with an original specimen prevents absolute certainty."

William Allen Butler, the author of the famous poem "Nothing to Wear," has recorded his impressions of the Garden of the Gods in the following graceful verses:

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

Beneath the rocky peak that hides
In clouds its snow-flecked crest,
Within these crimson crags, abides
An Orient in the West.

These tints of flame, these myriad dyes,
This Eastern desert calm,
Should catch the gleam of Syrian skies,
Or shade of Egypt's palm.

As if to bar the dawn's first light,
These ruby gates are hung;
As if from Sinai's frowning height
These riven tablets flung.

But not the Orient's drowsy gaze,
Young Empire's opening lids
Greet these strange shapes, of earlier days
Than Sphynx or Pyramids.

Here the New West its wealth unlocks,
And tears the veil aside,
Which hides the mystic glades and rocks
The red man deified.

This greensward girt with tongues of flame,
With spectral pillars strewn,
Not strangely did the savage name
A haunt of gods unknown.

Hard by the gentle Manitou
His healing fountains poured;
Blood-red, against the clondless blue
These storm-tossed Titans soared.

Not carved by art or man's device,
Nor shaped by human hand,
These altars, meet for sacrifice,
This temple vast and grand.

With torrents wild and tempest-blast,
And fierce volcanic fires,
In secret molds, has Nature cast
Her monoliths and spires.

Their shadows linger where we tread,
Their beauty fills the place;
A broken shrine—its votaries fled—
A spurned and vanished race.

Untouched by Time the Garden gleams,
Unplucked the wild flower shines,
And the scarred summit's rifted seams
Are bright with glistening pines.

And still the guileless heart that waits
At Nature's feet may find
Within the rosy sun-lit gates
A hidden glory shrined.

His presence feel, to whom, in fear,
Untaught, the savage prayed,
And listening in the garden, hear
His voice, nor be afraid.

Prairie Dog Town is one of the most populous villages for its size in Colorado. To the visitor it is also one of the most characteristic and interesting. The town is situated on the road between Colorado City and the gate of the Garden, to the right as one is approaching the latter place, and nearly midway between the two. There is a little plateau here, widening into meadows rolling down to Camp Creek on the left, and guarded a few hundred yards to the right by abrupt bluffs. Upon this plateau the dogs have established their village. Countless little tumuli of red sand testify to the industry of his dogship, and quite obviate the necessity of a door-plate to testify that these are the residences of the great family of Dogs. The architecture of Mr. Dog's house is somewhat primitive. "The way into his parlor is down a winding stair," and it may be that he has "many pretty things to show you when you're there," but according to popular belief among these pretty things there are always an owl and a rattlesnake.

PRAIRIE DOG TOWN.

It is a curious belief, and a still more curious fact that scientific people seem dubious about it, not at all positive whether or not these three crea-

THE MAJOR DOMO OF GLEN ERIE.

tures, beast, bird, and reptile, live in sort of happy family together. However that may be, here are the dogs, hundreds of them, and as you pass by, the saucy little fellows sit upon their haunches and bark at you in a

thin querulous treble, until panic-stricken at their own boldness they turn a sudden somersault and their twinkling heels give notice of their temporary retirement to private life.

All the counry lying directly north of Manitou and contiguous to the Garden of the Gods is deeply cut by narrow valleys of erosion into ridges and gorges, not a hundred acres anywhere of level being found. One

THE RUXTON HOUSE.

ridge leads up to another, and that to a third, and so on. The land rises ridge after ridge to the northwestward, producing to the eye a region of the utmost confusion and intrications. This broken country covered with pine trees and cedar, and clothed, where the rocks will permit, with bunch grass and gramma, makes a splendid tramping ground, particularly in winter, when rabbits, mountain grouse and sage hens are sufficiently numerous to make it worth while to shoulder a gun. The best way to reach

WITHIN THE GATES—GARDEN OF THE GODS.

the ridges is to take the road to the Garden of the Gods, which forks a few yards after crossing the railway, the right hand fork leading to the Garden, the left hand one, known as the Quarry road, leading up a gorge. A branch road again to the left very quickly zig-zags up to the top of the Cliffs, and the main one also ascends a little further up the canon, and bearing to the westward ends some ten miles beyond, at a stone-quarry which lies at the brink of the amphitheatre of the Manitou canon. Once on the ridges any one of them may be followed. The rule in ridge climbing is, never to cross a gully, but always to keep on the top. The tendency of all the ridges in this vicinity is to lead up to the main one, which immediately overlooks Queen's Canon. This ridge bends to the north-westward, and in two or three miles itself joins on to a still higher one, which, strange to say, will be found immediately to overlook the Ute Pass at least a thousand feet above the stream. It is amongst the pines and cedars of those higher ridges that the mountain grouse are generally found. As regards scenery it is only necessary to say ,that the entire mass of Pike's Peak is all the time in view, and that a gorge-cleft country of great rugged grandeur lies between, bounded on the south-west by the Ute Pass, and on the north-west by Queen's Canon. In the latter is situated Glen Eyrie, a most interesting and attractive spot. The character of the monoliths in the mouth of this canon is more remarkable even than that of those in the Garden of the Gods. The Major Domo is the most wonderful columnar structure that exists anywhere within this region. It is an obelisk of the same brilliant, friable red sand-stone as that which forms the uplifts in the Garden of the Gods. It rises entirely unsupported to the height of three hundred feet, with a curious swell at the summit which much exceeds the lower portion of the shaft, and gives the whole structure a look of self-poised and strong insecurity in the face of natural laws not excelled in the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Behind the obelisk to the west, the canon enters the mountains between heights of an unrivalled savage beauty, its last glimpse being a lofty gap with serrated edges, like a giant's staircase, formed by the great mass of sandstone broken into square blocks. Within this canon General William J. Palmer has erected a handsome residence surrounded by well-kept grounds, the whole in keeping with the wild beauty of the scene.

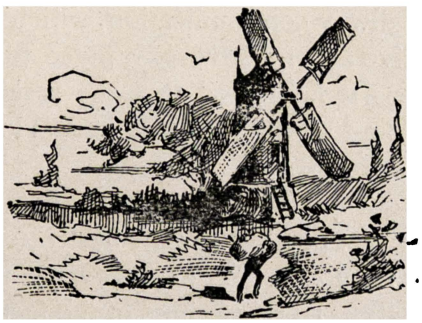
Blair Athol is situated about two miles to the northwest of Glen Eyrie, and much resembles it in physical characteristics. It lacks, however, the presence of water, and therefore has never been used as a dwelling-place. The glen is wildly picturesque and abounds in rock formations of strange

shapes and brilliant colors. Magnificent pine trees cast a graceful shade, and the view of the boundless plains stretching to the east is one of surpassing interest.

One of the most characteristic features of the mountainous portion of Colorado is the existence of what are now technically called "parks." These are beautiful grass covered *vegas*, varying greatly in size, which were probably lake basins in recent geological times. They are always surrounded by foot hills, backed by mountains, densely timbered, the pine trees extending out into the park land and thus adding materially to their beauty, and causing them to appear like veritable English parks.

Perhaps the most beautiful of the smaller parks is Manitou Park, situated about twenty miles from Manitou by the Ute Pass. It is reached either by road or by rail, and is one of the finest drives from Manitou. The shooting and trout fishing in the park are excellent. Here for some years the eastern speckled trout has been successfully cultivated. Not only are the streams heavily stocked, but the fish ranch, where thousands of trout are fattened for the market, is an industry of interest and amusement to visitors.

The many thousand acres of pine forest that surround the park give to the atmosphere an aromatic odor, which is considered by physicians, very beneficial to persons with weak lungs. Through the woodlands roads have been cut and cleared in many directions.



CHAPTER X.

Manitou as a Winter Resort.

WHEN General Wm. J. Palmer first conceived the idea of constructing a Mountain Base trunk line from Denver southward, and when he and his little company of earnest and energetic men began the construction of the wonderful network of mountain road which now makes up the Denver & Rio Grande system, they supposed that Manitou would rapidly become the favorite residence town south of the Divide, where those who came to live in Colorado for their health and whose means enabled them to select a home on account of its attractiveness, would erect houses as pleasant and comfortable as persons of like circumstances would have in the East. These expectations were largely based upon the fact that the valley of Manitou is so especially desirable as a Winter residence, warm and sheltered, dry and sunny after the fall of the leaf, with high cliffs facing the southern sun, which absorb its heat all day and evolve it gradually throughout the night. Temperate all through the year, with its exquisite natural surroundings and mineral springs, it is not surprising that such high anticipations were entertained of its future.

The early realization of these expectations was for a time prevented by two circumstances. The first was the panic of 1873, occurring, as it did, just at the commencement of the life of Manitou. The second was the absence of direct Railway communication, which from the start made Manitou a more expensive and inconvenient place to keep house in than Colorado Springs. Thus it happened that the resident community for the most part chose Colorado Springs to live in and looked upon Manitou as merely a gay Summer resort.

The advent of the Railway and the gradual adoption of Manitou as a permanent home, are at last placing her in her true position as the most desirable "all the year round" place of residence, apart from business considerations, in the State. In recognition of the fact that a large number of those who are obliged to winter in Colorado would gladly avail themselves of the climatic advantages of Manitou, and of the benefits of her medicinal springs, if they could obtain satisfactory accommodation,

PIKE'S PEAK FROM BRIARHURST.

arrangements will be made to keep at least two of the hotels open during the Winter, as well as the Bath House and other public places, so as to insure an amount of life and sociability which is almost as necessary as fresh air and exercise to those who are obliged to seek health in a strange land. For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the peculiarity of the mountain-base climate, it may be well to mention some of its characteristics. In Summer the days are seldom hot, and it is rare to see the thermometer reach ninety degrees in Manitou. The further one moves eastward away from the foot hills, the greater are found to be the extremes of temperature. Denver is both warmer in Summer and colder in Winter than Manitou. Omaha, although much lower in elevation, experiences far greater extremes of heat and cold.

In the dry air of the Colorado plateau the feeling of heat and cold is much less marked. One is not oppressed at all by a temperature of 90°, nor does almost any amount of cold produce the feeling of chilliness in the open air which is really the distressing and objectionable feature of a low temperature. The nights in Summer are always cool and refreshing.

It must not be supposed that the climate of Colorado is an equable one, or that there is a distinct dry and rainy season as in California and the Pacific Coast. The contrary is true. The diurnal range of temperature, as in all high countries, is great, and there are rains throughout the warm parts of the year and snows in Winter, but both are moderate in quantity, generally averaging, at Manitou, about eighteen inches of precipitation during the entire year.

It has often been said that every day in Colorado is delightful, if the wind does not blow, and as the wind seldom blows at Manitou, the proposition may stand almost without modification, that every day there *is* delightful. Almost uninterrupted sunshine may be expected in June and from August to Christmas. March is usually an early Summer month while April and May show characteristics of the Spring season. The most glorious season of the year is usually ushered in by the September storm, which occurs about the first of the month and is often followed by a light frost which empties the hotels of their Summer visitors who suppose the "horrors of Winter" are about to settle over them. These horrors are for the most part imaginary, for in the first place it seems as though Winter would never arrive. Month follows month, a slight snow now and then, quickly disappearing, hints of the austere season, but sunshine warm and glowing is the rule, and slush and dampness is unknown. At last Christmas arrives, perhaps bringing with it a cold wave and a powdering of snow to render this festal season all the more

enjoyable, then the glorious sun will again gain the mastery and banish winter to less favored climes.

A remarkable phenomenon that seems to govern the climate all Winter is the continual contest for mastery between the west wind from the mountains and the east wind from the plains. Although the west wind crosses a thousand miles of snow-covered mountains before it reaches Manitou, it is nevertheless warm and genial with a temperature from 45° to 60°. Advancing with great velocity, it first displaces the frosty air above and then gradually pushes back, or rather upward, the eastern current, until, at last, reaching the ground, it cuts the snow to pieces and licks it up and exposes the bare ground, in a few hours, to the genial rays of the sun. When the eastern current, which although a very gentle and insinuating one, again creeps up under the western current and spreads itself over the surface, then is experienced a fall in temperature and during the transition perhaps snow falls.

After a calm and sunny March, with some squally weather in April and May, Spring approaches. Its advance is not accompanied with that feeling of lassitude and general derangement of the nervous system so often experienced by delicate persons, in the East, during the early days of Spring. June is generally a heavenly month, dry, sunny and pleasant. It is a "camping out" month, the fields are bright with flowers and the hillsides and thickets beautiful with blooming shrubs.

The invalid should not be afraid of fresh air, such glorious, dry air can do him no harm. A walk of five or ten minutes before breakfast, in the sunshine, or a jaunt to the Iron Springs, and a refreshing draught of its sparkling waters will serve as a sharp and effective tonic. The more exercise one can take, in moderation, the better, and, if walking is distasteful or too fatiguing, as many hours as possible should be spent in the saddle. Riding over the hills and beholding the endless scenes of grandeur and beauty which abound on every side, the invalid will secure many additional years of life and happiness, and find ample recompense for visiting Manitou.

CHAPTER XI.

Manitou as a Sanitarium.

MANITOU is undoubtedly the best sanitarium in Colorado. To substantiate this assertion we have the testimony of throngs of invalids who have here found relief, and also the record of experienced and capable physicians. In this connection the following quotation from a work by Dr. S. Edwin Solly will prove interesting. He says. "There is probably no climate in the world where out-door life is so thoroughly enjoyable through every season of the year as that of Colorado. This fact is of special force as regards the *Winter* season, when we consider how few *bracing* health resorts there are in the United States that do not suffer from the disadvantage of excessive cold.

"Manitou lies in a valley amidst the mountains at an elevation of six thousand three hundred and seventy feet, but is unlike other mountain health resorts, which are either, as in Switzerland, hemmed in on all sides by mountains, or like those lying on the slopes of the Pyrennes, overlooking a country covered with growing crops, woods, towns and water. Manitou, though hills gradually rising to the dignity of the mountains, protect it on three sides from the winds, while their gentle slopes do not shut out the sun, yet opens out at its north-east extremity on to the great plains themselves, thus reaping the benefit of so vast an open space filled with an atmosphere highly rarefied and dry, and, above all, free from all the impurities which emanate from decaying vegetation, swampy soil or crowded cities. The mountains shelter Manitou from the wind and dust storms, which make life upon the plains during the Winter and early Spring, almost impossible to the delicate invalid, while their height is not great enough to shut out the sun; so that, even in the shortest days of Winter, there are at least six hours of warm sunshine to tempt the invalid to exercise.

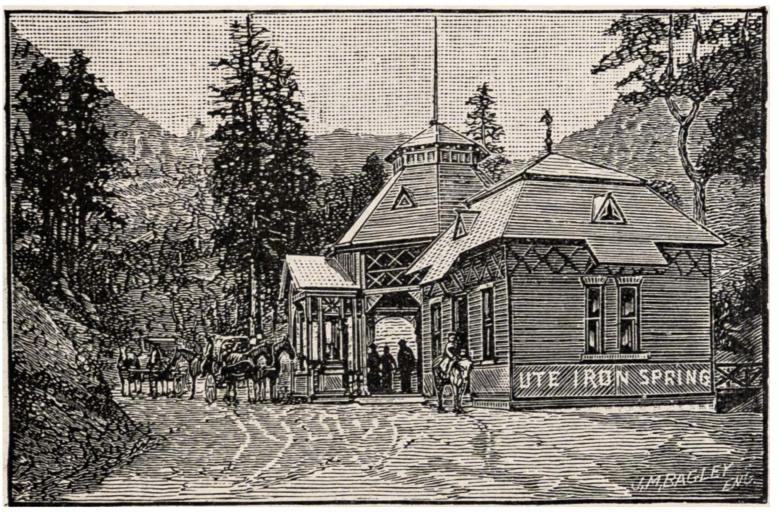
"The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad enables the invalid, if he desire it, to change his locality to the colder or more open situation of Denver, or the warmer climate of Pueblo and Canon City. Manitou being placed at the great entrance to the mountains, the Ute Pass, it is easy for a patient to find there the advantages that a higher elevation or the mere change of surroundings so often gives.

"The highest of the European iron springs are St. Catarina, 5,600 feet, and St. Moritz, 5,464. The height of the *Iron Ute* is 6,400 feet.

"Spa, which has been compared with Manitou, enjoys none of the advantages derived from an elevated situation, as it is in a mild, relaxing valley, one thousand feet only above sea level.

"Pyrmont is lower than Spa, and Schwalbach about the same elevation.

"The cases requiring chalybeate waters usually require also the fresh bracing air of the mountains, and it is for this reason that a good iron spring at a high elevation is so valuable. This water, if bottled under pressure, would carry well and would I believe, be largely used by those who are unable to visit the spring itself or are desirous of continuing its use after leaving. I have no record of any iron spring in the States that combines so many advantages. It is therefore to be hoped that a scheme that is spoken of for properly bottling the Manitou waters will be shortly carried into effect." Since the above was written extensive bottling works have been established and Manitou water has become a standard article for table use.



UTE IRON SPRING.

In conclusion the following tables will give the reader an idea of the components of the various springs of Manitou, together with a comparison with those of the celebrated resorts of Europe:

WILLIAM'S CANON.

THE MOST CELEBRATED CHALYBEATE WATERS.

IN A PINT ARE CONTAINED GRAINS AS FOLLOWS:

	Iron.	Fixed component parts.	Total.
Driburg	0.78	lime 25, sulphate of soda and magnesia 15	40.
Pyrmont	0.57	lime 20, sulphate of magnesia 3	25.
Iron Ute	0.40	lime 4, sulphate of soda 3, carb. soda and magnesia 5	15.
Spa	0.37	bi-carb. soda and chloride of sodium	4.
Sckwalbach	0.54	lime 1 ½, carbonate soda and magnesia 3	4.
St. Moritz	0.18	lime 7, sulph. soda 2, carb. soda and magnesia 2	11.

Spa and Schwalbach are the most celebrated of the pure iron springs—that is, of iron waters whose whole component parts are not more than a few grains. Of these *Schwalbach* contains rather more iron, and *Spa* rather less, than the *Iron Ute*.

THE MINERAL SPRINGS AT MANITOU.

IN A PINT ARE CONTAINED GRAINS AS FOLLOWS:

—OF—	Navajo.	Manitou.	Minnehaha.	Shoshone.	Iron Ute	Little Chief	Spa.
Carbonate of Soda	8 3-4	3 1-4	1 2-3	6 1-5	4 1-7	1 1-17	3-5
Carbonate of Lithia	1-50	1-67	trace.	trace.	trace.	trace.	.....
Carbonate of Lime	9 1-17	7 3-4	2 4-5	7 3-5	4 1-8	5 1-4	1-2
Carbonate of Magnesia	2 1-5	1 1-2	1-2	.....	1 1-50	1	1-7
Carbonate of Iron	.....	trace.	1-10	.....	2-5	1-8	1-3
Sulphate of Potassa	1 1-7	1	trace.	1-3	1-2	1-2	1-14
Sulphate of Soda	1 1-4	1 1-3	3-4	2 3-5	2 1-5	3 3-5	1-25
Chloride of Sodium	2 3-4	2 2-3	1	3	2 1-5	3 1 3	2-5
Silicia	1-10	1-7	trace.	trace.	1-5	1-7	9-20
Total of solid constituents	25 1-3	18 1-5	7	19 2-5	14 3-4	15	3 1-50
Gases	.....	Free	Carbonic	Acid.	.....	.....	.....
Degree of Fahrenheit	50° 2	56°	.....	48°.3	44° 3	43°	.....

CHAPTER XII.

How to Reach Manitou.

MANITOU, though not so old as some of the Eastern pleasure resorts, has acquired a reputation so wide-spread as to make it almost unnecessary that this little book should contain a page with the caption that heads this one. But how naturally the prospective tourist, after having selected the place in which he will spend the Summor, "out of town," hunts up the guide books, maps and railroad folders to gather information as to how to get there. It is for the purpose of giving this information and saving our patrons any undue exertion or anxiety on the subject that we have decided to insert the aforesaid page herein.

If our friend should desire to commence his journey from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or any of the eastern towns or cities, he need only select the one of the Great Trunk Lines that best suits his inclinatian or convenience, and take its train headed for the West, either to Chicago or St. Louis, arriving in the Union Depot at one or the other of these points, trains over the various lines diverging therefrom will be found in waiting to carry him on his journey to Kansas City or Omaha. If the route selected leads him to Kansas City, he will find on his arrival in the Union Depot at that thriving metropolis, ready and waiting, the trains of the Missouri Pacific, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, Burlington Route, Union Pacific, and Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroads, either of which with no lay-over or delay, will bear him speedily across the plains to Denver or Pueblo, from whence it is but a matter of two or three hours by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad till he is landed safely in his delightful temporary home, Manitou. If on the other hand the route chosen should be through Omaha, he will find in waiting the trains of the Union Pacific and Burlington Route, and the conductors already calling out "all aboard for Denver," and at the latter place the conductor of the Rio Grande Railroad will greet him with an "all aboard for Manitou," and whichever route he has selected for his journey, he will have made immediate connections at all changing points, and found upon all

the roads he has passed over, elegant accommodations in the way of Pullman Sleepers, Chair Cars, Dining Cars and all that goes to make a railroad first-class, or in the absence of dining cars he has had his meals served in first-class dining stations at proper hours, and will have met with nothing to mar the pleasure of his journey or the delight in store for him in his mountain retreat.

Perhaps our friend may wish some information as to purchasing tickets, we will endeavor to save him trouble in this regard, as well. Round-trip tourists tickets to Colorado points, good from May 1st till October 31st, are sold at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices in the United States, these tickets may be purchased for Denver, Pueblo or Colorado Springs; Manitou is on a branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, only five miles from Colorado Springs, and all tickets reading over the last named route, either to Denver or Pueblo, carry the passenger through Colorado Springs, at which point a lay over ticket will be granted on application to the conductor. From Colorado Springs the fare to Manitou is but twenty-five cents, and a train is run in connection with all passenger trains going in either direction, so that in no instance will there be any delay, and twenty minutes only is required to make the trip. These tourist tickets will enable the holder to go and return by the same route, or to go by one route and return by another between the Missouri River and Colorado. To tourists holding the round trip tickets described above, the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad makes special excursion rates to all points of interest in Colorado, New Mexico and Utah, which arrangement enables the visitor at Manitou to make excursions at his pleasure, and affords him an opportunity for sight-seeing which is not offered by any other pleasure resort in the United States, if in the world. He may scale the mountains at Marshall Pass to the height of ten thousand feet, over which the train passes upon a grade of two hundred and seventeen feet to the mile. He may view the grandeur of the Black Canon and Currecanti Needle while casting his fly for trout in the turbulent waters of the Gunnison. He may visit the quaint Indians of New Mexico and their ancient Pueblos that have been built hundreds of years. He may ride above the clouds at Veta Pass and cast a stone from the passing train fifteen hundred feet to the bottom of the great chasm at Toltec Gorge. He may spend a season at Salt Lake, the city of the saints, amidst the Temples and Tabernacles of its peculiar people. He may bathe in the hot healing waters of Wagon Wheel Gap

Wheel Gap and fill his creel with the succulent trout from the Rio Grande. He will find in the heart of the Rocky Mountains each succeeding day a new spot in which to while away the hours and drink in the grandeurs of Nature, each one of which will seem to surpass the other in its magnitude and magnificence, but when he stands at the bottom of the Royal Gorge and views its massive walls as they rise heavenward to the height of twenty-seven hundred feet, and again at the heaving surging waters of the Arkansas rolling at his feet. he will exclaim " of all that is grand this is the grandest!"